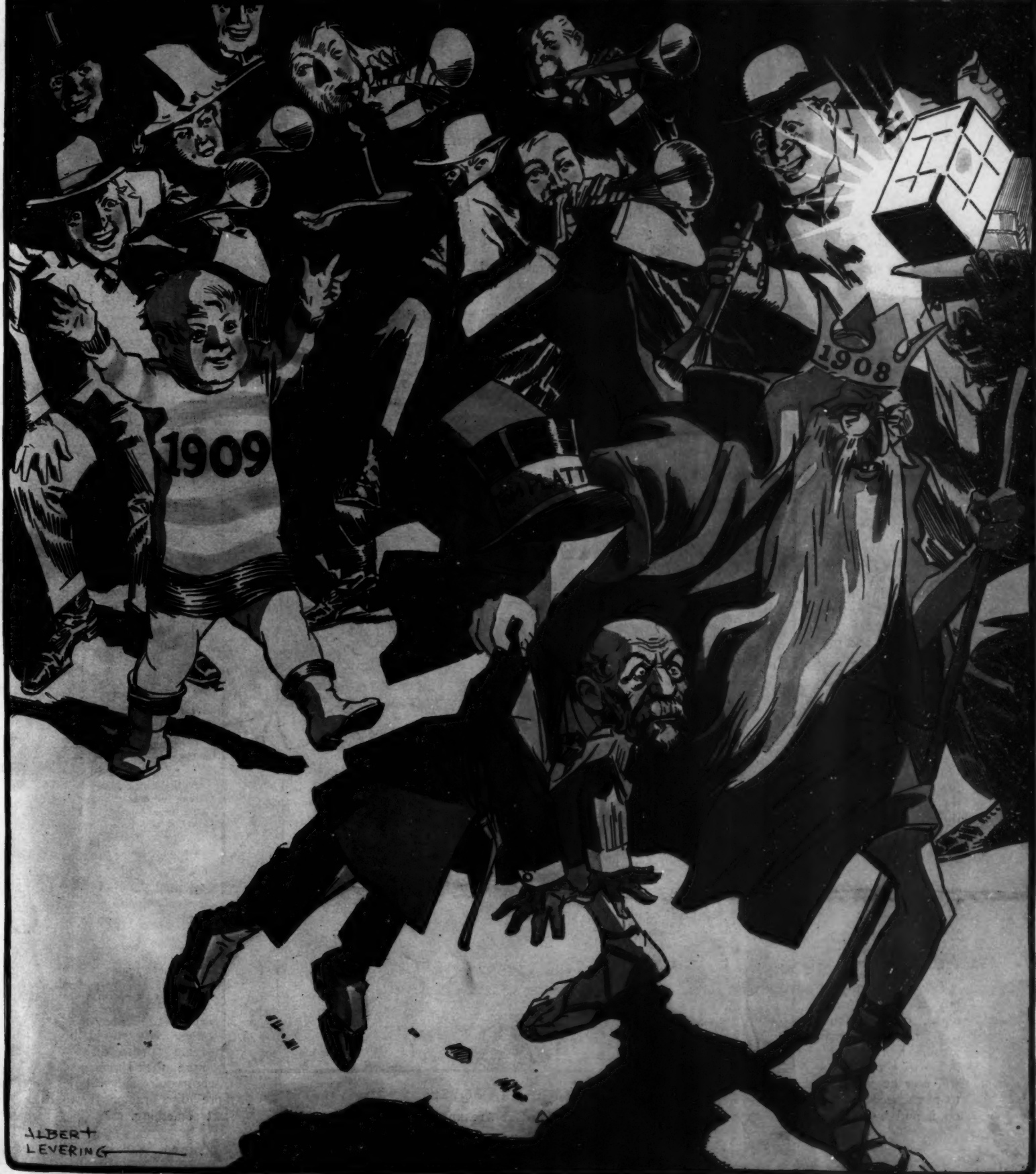


PUCK



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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHAT GRUDGE has the governor of Connecticut against Teddy, Jr., that he should blight the latter's young life by making him a member of that most ridiculous of near-military bodies—a governor's staff?

THE *World* has served notice on Mr. Roosevelt that it cannot be muzzled by him. Now, without referring to Mr. Pulitzer's journal, we may observe that there is small chance of Mr. Roosevelt muzzling the average newspaper. He is not the proprietor of a department store or a theater, nor a heavy advertiser in any line. What advertising he gets is free, and so he is not in a position to dictate to the business office of American journalism.

NOT ONLY in religion is the heresy of to-day the orthodoxy of to-morrow, but in Republican politics as well. Imagine, ten years ago, a Republican president admitting in public that a protective tariff assisted in the formation of trusts and monopolies! He would have been burned at the party stake. And yet that is what Mr. Taft told his fellow Ohioans. Verily, the world is getting better, and certain defunct standpatters are revolving rapidly in their graves.

IF THERE is any real Tariff revision we shall have to thank the West for it. Our slave states now are situated East.

IF IT be true that in a few years we may buy a \$5,000 aeroplane, or a flyabout for \$1,000, the man who has mortgaged his home to get an auto, will now be encouraged to put a second mortgage on it and buy an airship.

THE practice of the English Suffragettes who chain themselves to their seats at parliament hearings and thereby escape a throw-out is hereby called to the attention of the humble "American consumer," who might hold by this method the undivided attention of Mr. Dalzell and his fellow standpatriots until the arrival of a locksmith or a sledge hammer.

IT BEHOOVES us not to get all worked up because a corporation lawyer will doubtless get the post of attorney-general. In the same sense that it takes a thief to catch a thief, it takes a corporation lawyer to catch a corporation lawyer.

This statement, understand, is purely abstract, and not at all personal.

SENATOR KNOX ought to be congratulated upon the prospect of having such a sane and well-poised President as a chief.—*The Sun*.

A year from now we will remind the esteemed *Sun* of the above paragraph.

THERE is one thing to be said for the stock in the proposed aeroplane company: it is less likely to go up than gold-mine stock.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON confessed not long ago that some of his best ideas for entertaining fiction were caught by him during the process of shaving.—*Press Agent*.

Mr. Nicholson is fortunate in having so talented a barber. Usually the conversation turns upon hair tonic.

IF WE boost up the duty we might discourage American women from wearing imported bonnets.—*Chairman Payne*.

Still, it would be more apt to discourage their husbands, who require only a little more discouragement to start something.



"COME ON, BOYS!"

AN APPROPRIATE SEASON TO GET ABOARD THE WATER WAGON.



A NEW YEAR'S CALL IN OLD NEW AMSTERDAM.

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.



IT IS NOT by breaking matrimonial vows
That you have ended all our wedded bliss;
Much latitude my love for you allows,
But never can I pardon you for this:—
You break my pipe, (O holy smoke!) and after
The dreadful deed, mock my distress with
laughter!

You had your failings, but I overlooked
Such trifling faults as daily you would show me;
And when to meager dinners, badly cooked,
My best friends came, (and thenceforth ceased to know me)
I murmured not—small woes, thus manufactured,
Vanished in smoke—but now my pipe is fractured!

So we must separate—I cannot bear
To look upon your placid, smiling features;
Sadly and solemnly I vow and swear
Ever to shun your sex—the heartless creatures!
Rare is the perfect wife, no doubt, but, dash it!
When I'd a perfect pipe why *did* you smash it?

J. Adair Strawnson.

ALLAYING HIS FEARS.

THE NEW CONVICT.—Say, old man, I'm likely to go stomping
around my boudoir at all hours of the night;—I'm a sleep-
walker. It worries me terribly, too.

GUARD.—It needn't in this hotel, bo;—there isn't the slightest
danger of your walking out of a window.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

ISN'T THERE something wrong when so many children can't grow
up without losing their authority over their parents?

In so delicate a relation as, in the complexity of modern life,
this has become, absolutely nothing is to be expected of severity.
Sometimes unruly fathers and mothers may be reasoned with, and
sometimes, again, they will yield to kindness; but harsh measures
are worse than none.

Especially will conscien-
tious children refrain from
that cruellest of all expedients,
the threat to cease being a
charge on their elders. It is
by such inconsiderateness that
sensitive parents are rendered
hopelessly stubborn.

R. B.

FORTUNATE.

IT'S AN ill wind that blows
nobody any good. Once
more was the truth of the
proverb to be demonstrated.

A shipwrecked sailor having
got ashore on a desert island,
was delighted to find that his
life-belt had been dishonestly
filled with sawdust instead of
the best grade of cork.

"This means an abundance
of breakfast-food!" he exclaimed. "It only remains to pro-
vide lunch and dinner and I am saved."



FINE CUT FEATURES.

Art is self-expression, especially where there's nothing much to express.

LIFE IS BUT A CIGARETTE.

LIFE'S a smoke, *ma belle coquette* —
Dainty, sweet and quick to go;
Vanish care and vain regret
In its warm and ruddy glow.
Like old love-dreams, lingering low,
Soft the smoke-rings pirouette
In a mystic to-and-fro; —
Life is but a cigarette.



"Evil habit? Sin-beset?"
Fool, you puff a pipe of woe.
I prefer a triolet
To an epic's thundering throe.
Not for you the lyric flow
That we gentler smokers get.
In a paper paletot,
Life is but a cigarette.

O'er Life's ashes do not fret;
Every puff's a year or so.
Grasp the burning charm that yet
On a few the gods bestow.
(Life were lost if it were slow.)
Harp and song and castanet,
Mirth and hope are theirs who know
Life is but a cigarette.

L'ENVOI.

Princess, as your soft lips blow
Smoke wreaths, (naughty suffragette!)
Rights of man are yours, — but oh,
Make my life your cigarette!

Chester Firkins.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"UH-WELL, SAH," remarked old Brother Brownback, who was a great hand to cogitate, "bout de only diffunce, dat I organizes, uh-twixt de rich and de po' am dat de rich has de gout, dyspepsy, scan'les, divo'ces and proboscis of de liver, and is 'bleeged to go to op'ry-shows dat dey don't enjoy and look at painted pictures dey can't 'preciate, and marries deir sons to dese yuh yallah-headed chousin'-ladies and deir daughters to furrin gen'lemen dat can't say nuthin' but 'Wee! wee!' and 'Gemme de money!' and rides around in dem stinkin' ottymoblies dat 'splodes at de slightest prevarication and kills 'em, and den dey has to go th'oo de eye of a needle, like dem dar foolish Campbellites dat's wrong, and knows dey's wrong, fetch-take 'em, plumb fum de beginnin'; uh-whilest, on de tudder hand, de po' has hopes long inferred, and child'en wid appetites like dragons, and de roomytizzum, and starvation kin-folks widout end, and a sho' and steadfast hope of a glorious immawtality at last — de whole bidness o' which de most of 'em stands ready to swap off for half o' de rich man's money.

"Dat's 'bout all de diffunce I sees uh-twixt de rich and de po'. Bofe of 'em has a spot in de middle o' deir backs dat dey can't scratch widout he'p o' some kind, and needer of 'em is wholly happy."

Tom P. Morgan.

APT.

HIS BEGINNINGS were lowly, yet even before he had risen above the estate of a plumber's apprentice, his peculiar genius discovered itself. Indeed, so successful was he in always forgetting tools for somebody to be sent back after while the hands soldered on the job, that his



WE SUSPECTED IT.

THE PROFESSOR.—Doctor, we have made a discovery of inestimable importance. We have here several hitherto unknown verses of the Book of Genesis. Listen! "Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him. And to the Angel of the Lord, Cain spoke, saying: 'I was insane. I was sane before I slew him and I am sane now, but the instant I struck, I was crazed. This is my defense.' And lo, concerning the slaying, the mind of Cain was a perfect blank."



CATS AND MICE.

OLD CAT.—I admit this is rather an unsportsmanlike proceeding, but when a fellow's eyes go back on him, he's foolish if he starves.

boss, a shrewd man, freely predicted his future eminence.

"You will go far!" declared the boss.

And so it turned out. Within twenty years, this boy, sprung from poverty, was the chief executive of a great corporation, and his ability to forget, under oath, as many transactions as might in any exigency be expedient, had made the name honored throughout his business world.

HE WAS the apple of her eye. She was his little peach. So it was only natural that their marriage should be fruitful.



GOLF IN WINTER.

ONE OF TIME'S REVENGES.



A BARD of some celebrity
Had, in his time, an enemy;
Whom, one day, in a fit of rage
(After the manner of that age)
He flayed alive, in lines severe—
Yet light enough to catch the ear.

The lampoon made an instant hit;
It fairly sizz'd with scorching wit.
In course of time, it came to be
Embalmed in an anthology.

The victim's name, full-length, was shown—
The epigram was signed, "Unknown."

Poet, beware! lest he you flay
With too much skill, be found, some day—
Long after you have journeyed hence—
Immortalized at your expense.

Frank Preston Smart.

THE MAN WHO SAVED THE TRUSTS.

"ARK, AHOY!" came the hail from the flag-pole on the
117th floor of the United Horseshoe Nail Corpora-
tion building.

Captain Noah craned his neck through a port-hole
and looked across the vast expanse of waters.

"You forgot to take me on board," explained Mr.
Gottsoo Much, president of the corporation, who was
clinging to the pole.

"Dangling barnacles!" exclaimed the world's most
famous mariner. "Put about quick. If we didn't forget
the octopus!"

So that Noah was to blame after all.

HIS TRAINING.

BUPEN, JONES & Co., Attorneys.

DEAR SIR:—In response to your inquiry as to the literary
qualifications of Mr. Simpson, who is an applicant for the position
of confidential secretary with your firm, we have made some investi-
gations and are now able to give you the result.

In 189— Mr. Simpson entered Columbia University. That
season Columbia won over Dartmouth 7 to 0; in baseball she shut

out Cornell in three games. The following year he
went to Brown, which that year won a great victory
over Bowdoin and put two men on the All American
team. This same year in the track
meet with Syracuse she scored
27 points out of a possible 32.
For the next two years Mr.
Simpson was at Yale. Both
seasons the sons of Eli
outrowed Harvard three
lengths. The first year
he was at New Hav-
en Yale walloped the
Indians, and the next
achieved the noted
victory over Pennsylv-
vania. Both years
she shut out Virginia
and Michigan in base
ball. As you see, Mr.
Simpson's literary quali-
fications are the very high-
est, and we trust you will not
regard as necessary any further
consideration, but will immedi-
ately appoint him to the position
for which he is eminently fitted.

Yours very truly,

COLLEGE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

E. Connor Hall.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

LITTLE JONES.—Please, ladies,
will you ask the conductor to dig
me out at Forty Seventh Street?

SO FAR from conditioning its service on appreciation, the rose
smells as sweetly for the yokel who tramples it under his feet
as for the poet who throws a fit over it.



DISPELLING THE DREAM.

THE NEWLY WEDDED ONE.—The happiest moments of my
life were spent at the Falls.

THE DIVORCED ONE (carelessly).—Niagara—or Sioux?

Silence is indeed golden, and the pity is public taste won't permit the
phonographs to reproduce more of it.

PUCK

BOTH AT LARGE.

THE ESCAPED LUNATIC stopped and leaned over the fence of a garden wherein a man was busy trimming the path. The little enclosure was neatly kept, and bright with flowers, bordering a strip of greensward.



The man who was working straightened up and wiped the perspiration from his face, glancing toward the fence. "Good evening," nodded the Lunatic; "What a pretty place you have here."

"Yes. 'Tis rather nice."

"Lived here long?"

"About ten years."

"Takes lots of time to keep a place looking good."

"Yes, it does. I put in about all my spare time."

"Still, it's a satisfaction to have nice surroundings."

"Sure. When I came here the yard was full of weeds and rubbish. Hadn't been cared for at all."

"I suppose you bought the place pretty cheap though?"

"Oh, it isn't *my* place."

"No? Just working here?"

"Why, of course it's mine in a way, so long as I pay the rent."

"Oh, then it isn't your own house and garden?"

"No. They belong to Bagley, the banker. Lives up the road there in the big grounds."

"Oh yes. I noticed them. My! but it must take him lots of time to trim *his* walks."

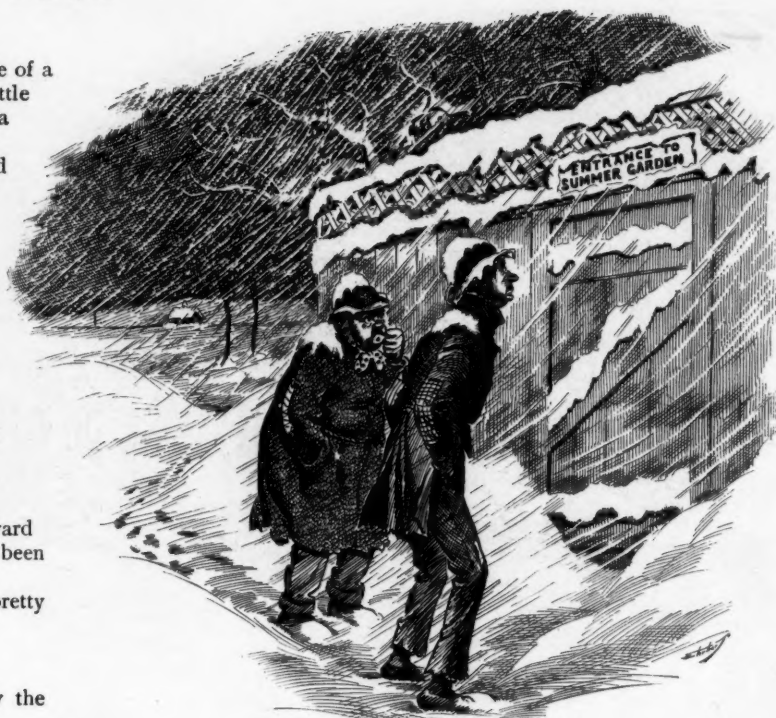
"*He* trim walks? I guess not. He pays three or four gardeners to do it."

"Then of course as this is his he pays you for *your* work?"

"Don't you believe it. I pay him for letting me live here."

"Then of course he lets you have it for less than the folks who neglected it?"

"Ha, ha! You're funny, aren't you? Why, he charges me *more* on account of 'improved property.'"



EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

"And won't the house and garden *ever* be yours?"

"Not likely. It's all I can do now to pay the rent."

The Lunatic opened the gate, walked slyly up to the man and whispered, "Say, how did *you* get away?"

Frederick Moxon.

HIS AIM AND OBJECT.

HAVING obtained the grudging permission of no feminine relatives," remarked the Old Codger, with his customary grim grin, "and the advice and cautionings of numerous well-meaning acquaintances, who don't sorter begin to know what they are talking about, together with a wink and whispered hint from a red-nosed bachelor friend who I kinda guess speaks with authority, successfully turned aside the interrogatory gimlets of various Toms, Dicks and Harrys who really want to know why I am going and how long I expect to stay and honestly believe that my business is some of their business, seen Pheeny pack a complete change of one thing and another in my gripsack, put in my inside pocket a programme lengthy enough to load down a dromedary, of things that my neighbors want me to fetch home for 'em in order to save the express charges, and which—the said list—I expect to lose out of the car window when we are crossing a bridge, I am going to start for the city to-morrow morning, if it don't rain, to stay several days, strolling nonchalantly about, as they say in stories, watching everybody else hurry and hustle and rush themselves to death just in order to live, and spend three or four dollars a day while I stay, for nothing in the world but just blamed foolishness. Such, at least, is my aim and object."

Tom P. Morgan.



FROM "DRAWING ROOM GAMES" FOR SOCIETY CHILDREN.

Geraldine Van Waters,
Heir to Father's Mon,
Crying and wee-eping
For a titled man.

Sail to the East,
There's none in the West,
And fasten on a noble rake
With orders on his breast.

REASSURING.

MRS. DABINGTON.—Edgar, I believe there is a man under the bed.

DABINGTON.—What of it?

"But he might come out and shoot me!"

"Oh, go to sleep, dear; maybe he has nothing with him but a bowie-knife or a stiletto."

PUCK



TIME, A WORD WITH YOU!

[To accompany Front-Page Cartoon]



*NE moment, Time! I know you're on the run,
Hot-footing for Eternity's confines;
But I've a boon to beg—a trifling one:
'Twill not detain you more than twenty lines.*

*Amid the star groups round the southern Pole
There is a space that sailors call the Sack:
No glass has ever plumbed this rayless hole—
Abyss upon abyss—unending black!*

*So much for Space. Now, Time, old man, you must
Have some equivalent in your domain—
Some floorless oubliette wherein you thrust
Men whom we'd never hear or see again.*

*Soon will you snatch the toga from that gray
Iniquity, one Thomas Collier Platt,
Who hath debased for many a weary day
The Senate chair in which, abhorred, he sat.*

*So to my boon: This Platt I'd have you drop
Into some hole unfathomed and unlit.
Grab the old sinner, Time, by neck and crop
And pitch him in Oblivion's deepest pit!*

B. L. T.

A TRAGEDY OF THE STREET.

THE woman was old, and her dress, though neat and clean showed but too plainly the evident economy practised. Her gray hair lay smoothly upon her brow. The wrinkles of age, however, had not effaced the lines of sweetness that must ever have made her young face lovely, and her look of trusting calm appealed to any but the more indifferent. Drawing her shawl closely about her, and grasping more firmly her basket, she ventured out to hail a swiftly approaching trolley car. The car stopped and slowly she climbed the high step and took her seat. With slow fingers she drew from her scantily filled purse, a nickel and handed it to the waiting conductor. Silently and alone she rode along until, nearing a narrow street she signaled the conductor. The bell rang, and with a jar the car came to a stop. With feeble steps the old lady picked her way to the platform, and with her feeble hand grasped the hand rail and slowly climbed down. The car was behind time and the conductor impatient to be on the way. The Inspector would abuse him for loss of time. He could wait on no one. Just as the old woman reached the ground, and before she could even look around, clang! clang! went the bell—a jolt and a jar that threw the standing passengers off their feet and the car surged forward, leaving the poor old woman standing alone in the street.

Russell Flagg.



PERMANENTLY INJURED.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.—That man over there says the Government owes him six thousand dollars back pension. How does he make it out?

GROCER.—Hanged if I know! As near as I kin figure it out, he had his retreat cut off at Gettysburg.

AS IT LOOKS TO THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

"REALLY, all this talk about the 'tyranny' and 'czar-like' methods of Mr. Cannon makes me very tired. I had a ten-minutes' talk with him yesterday, and I never met a more affable or entertaining gentleman."

"I hardly know what to expect in the way of committee assignments. I have looked into the matter of finance rather carefully during the past few years, and I have also devoted some mature thought to our tariff laws. Either Appropriations or Ways and Means would suit me."

"I haven't yet been able to figure out why things are so high and mighty over in the Senate end of the Capitol and so simple and democratic over in the House end. After all, a Representative is quite as important as a Senator—only, you can't prove it by the Senators."

"I certainly think John Sharp Williams would look tidier if he would get an occasional hair-cut and have those two missing buttons sewed on his vest."

"I dropped in on Senator Blank for a chat yesterday. Say, don't those Senators ever drink anything less expensive than Apollinaris water?"

"I love to stand in the old Senate chamber, now the Supreme Court room. In fancy, there I commune with the spirits of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and their like. Ah, there were giants in those days!"

"Is it really true that General Keifer never appears on the floor of the House in any raiment less awe-inspiring than full evening dress?"

"I have been here two weeks to-day, and I do not believe I have heard a member mention anything less than a million dollars."

"It's a fine sight to walk up Pennsylvania Avenue and view the historic old Capitol before you. It's noble and uplifting to feel that on your shoulders, in part, at least, rests a share of the responsibilities attaching to the safe and proper conduct of the affairs of this great republic!"

James B. Nevin.

GENESIS.

FIRST, out of man's need, sprang Enterprise, alert, tireless, and presently so forgetful of its origin as to push on where no need was.

But at length Enterprise was made conscious of its trousers, and how, by such fierce activity, it was bagging these.

And that was the beginning of Gentility.

Insanity is where somebody differs from us, but not to the point of making it an indictable offense.



THE PUCK PRESS

ANTI-ROOSEVELT



-ROOSEVELT POLICIES.

PUCK

HORNING HIM OFF.



MAH DEAH SAH, I has cuc-come yuh to-day, sah,—” a bit timorously began the saddle-hued young barber, who was by no means sure of his reception; “—dat is, I am yuh, sah,—”

“I notices yo’,” grimly replied square-headed old Brother Chunn, who was possessed of considerable of the subtlety of the serpent. “I has muh eye on yo’, sah.”

“Yes-yassah!” proceeded the swain. “Desso, sah! Prezzagledy! I—I has come to ax yo’ for de hand of yo’ daughter in marriage.”

“Yo’ wants to marry Looella?”

“Yassah! And I kin s’po’t her in de style to which she has been di saccustomed, and—”

“Huh! I don’t keer how yo’ s’po’ts her. Take her! Dat gal done eloped wid an evangelist at one time, run off wid a gamblin’-man at a-nudder whupped her Maw, flung scaldin’ water onto me, kicked de life out’n muh best dog, and is troubled wid de heesterricks, de idee dat she has eller-cutionary talent, de b’lif dat she’s ’most white and de disposition and consanguinity of a catamount, gen’ly. Take her, muh boy, wid muh blessin’, and dis yuh fine gold-plated watch dat cost me fo’ dollahs and a half not mo’ dan a year ago, dat I throws in wid her as a mark o’ muh puffound disrespect.”

“Wuh-wuh-well, sah,” somewhat agitatedly returned the young man, “it dud-don’t seem ’zactly right to snatch a young lady out’n de palpatatin’ buzzom of her fambly, dis-uh-way, and—”

“Don’t have no constriction for de buzzom of de fambly, sah; it’s plumb used to palpatatin’ on account o’ dat gal. Dess take her! Take her!”

“Wuh-well, I would, sah, on’y to tell de Gospel troof, I’s got two wives, right now, sah.”

“Which is a lie!” chuckled the old man, as the affrighted swain departed at a lively lope. “Well,—uck!—nothin’ like bein’ generous wid yo’ lib’rality. Wouldn’t-uh had dat sap-headed young no-count marry Looella for nothin’ in de world; but lovers is like pigs—de best way to drive ’em in one direction is to make ’em ’magine yo’ wants ’em to go to de opposite. Uck! Easier dan whuppin’ him, and dess as defective.” *Tom P. Morgan.*

IN MELODRAMA.

HE SAYS he once supported Booth
And tells us how
It jars him to support forsooth,
A sawmill now.

CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY.

IKIN understand spread eagle tactics.”
“Well, Jabez?”

“But why should a congressman, arguing for an appropriation to dredge Pawpaw Creek, speak bitterly about the crowned heads of Europe?”

ANECDOTE OF DARIUS.

KING DARIUS of Persia, having got his, was hitting the high places on his way home.

“Talk about your Marathon runners!” he exclaimed, with a dry, nervous laugh.

Though Greece undeniably, in athletics in general, led the world of antiquity, some of the very best sprinters were not of that celebrated nation.

SEEING GOTHAM.

GOOD PEOPLE, this is gay New York
The home of corks.
And these sad-looking critters are
The gay New Yorkers.

THE GREGARIOUS INSTINCT.

DO WE reflect that the gregarious instinct is the mother of so much necessity (dire, it is true, but necessity none the less) as rightly to be considered one of the grandmothers of invention? Probably not. In our mad pursuit of pleasure, pelf and position, nothing is more readily forgotten than grandmothers.

The gregarious instinct, too has so operated for the enhancement of real estate as to enrich enough persons of the right sort to set the pace and determine what everybody has got to spend in order to be anybody. Smoking factories and smoking women, epochal murders, rapid transit, affinities, rush hours, good form, The Street,—these and many other things only less significant does our civilization owe to the gregarious instinct.

Ramsey Benson.



ERIETATION.

noon in his stockin’ feet. He’s in jail now, and—”

“But,—great Scott!—ejaculated the washing-machine agent, “it is not a crime, is it, for a person to walk in his stocking feet. Why, my dear sir, personal liberty—”

“Aw, personal liberty is proper enough as long as it don’t interfere with the rights of other people. Anything that tends to add to the silence of our promisin’ little city is an offence against the general weal. We’re public-spirited here, even if we ain’t exactly metropolitan.”



“FOR IF SHE WILL, SHE WILL, YOU MAY DEPEND ON’T;
AND IF SHE WON’T, SHE WON’T; SO THERE’S AN END ON’T.”

The man who is nobody’s fool proves nothing further than that the right woman hasn’t chosen to take possession.

PUCK

THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE BUSINESS.



I.

GENTLEMAN IN BACKGROUND (to companion).—Yes, it's truly marvelous, his grasp, his ability. This great business—a trust, I suppose you'd call it—has thousands of branches, and interests everywhere, and yet *that man*, at an instant's notice, can turn to any department of the business and be at home. He is never at a loss, etc., etc.

A "KIND LADY."



WEARY WILLIE left the dusty country roadside and entered the hospitable open gate at the end of a neat walk bordered with bright-hued and old-fashioned flowers. A tidy and motherly looking little woman who looked as if she

might be "easy fruit" sat on a vineclad little porch hemming a sheet. She seemed to be the only person on the premises, and Weary Willie fancied that she looked a bit scared. It was because of this that there was a certain note of authority in his voice when he said:

"I want to git something to eat, kind lady, and I—"

The "kind lady" gave her head a little toss and interrupted him by saying "You do, eh? Well, I can tell you my wandering friend that you just have run afoul of the wrong 'kind lady' when you have struck me an' if you think that I am a bit scared of you or of any of your trampin' tribe you are most beautifully left, an' so I let you know for the tramp never yet drew the breath o' life that I was

scared of or who could bulldoze me into feedin' him an' I can tell you straight that I ain't no use for you nor for none o' your clan, an' if I had my way there would be a work-house in every county in the land where such gents as you would put in twelve good hours of work every day or be stood in the stocks that long and I guess then you would keep off country roads an' stop scarin' wimmen that ain't got nerve enough to tell you what they think of you which I have an' so I let you know an' if you don't light out o' here right



II.

THAT MAN (on the witness stand of a government investigation).—Really, I do not recollect—I can't seem to remember exactly—the matter has slipped my mind for the moment—I am not prepared to state—it may have been so; I do not know—I cannot tell you off hand—not to my knowledge.

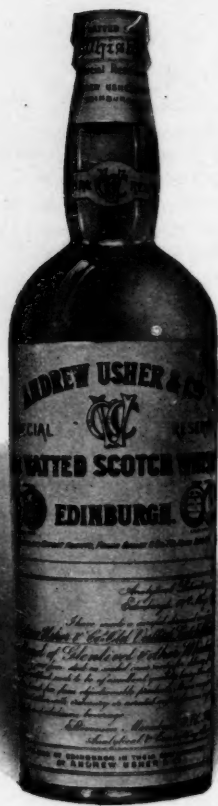


MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

PARSON GOODMAN.—Methinks Brother Hooper unduly joyous, notwithstanding 'tis the glad holiday season.

BROTHER GOODFELLOW.—Marry, Parson, chide him not. His day of reckoning cometh. Yon woman in the stocks is his wife.

forthwith an' faster in less than one minnit I will go into the house an' come out again with a hoss-whip that I have used on more than one o' your stripe an' sent him off howlin' like the whipped cur that he was an' that you will be if you so much as open your mouth even to say 'kind lady' to me which I aint nor don't want to be no 'kind lady' when it comes to wasting sweetness on the desert air as a body might say by bein' kind to any such low-down, wuthless specimens o' scum o' the earth as you represent an' if you don't vamoose this ranch in three shakes of a dead sheep's tail I'll unchain a dog I got in the backyard that likes nothin' better than to make sausage meat of such—goin' are you, my friend?" C. C. C.



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

A KANSAS Republican, reflecting over his cigar and the election returns, turned to his companions the day after the voting and said: "It looks to an amateur now as though Bryan ought to be barred from running again on the grounds that he is a professional."—*Kansas City Journal.*



LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, start a store or other business in one of the new towns in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho or Washington along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Descriptive Books Free. F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago

"WHAT'S the matter over there?"

"The sword-swallower is being choked by a fishbone."—*Ex.*

HORACE.—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel and yet you just kissed her.

HETTY.—I know; but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—*The Tatler.*

HEDGE CO. IN NEW HOME.

Advertising Agency Takes a Big Suite in Fifth Avenue Building.

The Homer W. Hedge Company Advertising Agency has moved into its new offices, which undoubtedly will prove more convenient and will assist greatly in expediting the transaction of its extensive and rapidly increasing business. The location could not be better, as it is central and readily accessible from all points.

The agency now occupies an extensive suite on the seventh floor of the recently finished Acker, Merrill & Condit Company building, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street. In addition to the general offices are separate ones for the president, leading officers of the company and associates and the various departments, such as book-keeping, literary, art, printing, filing and checking. The whole plan of the arrangement shows good management and the practiced hand. The decorations and furnishings are in the best of taste.

—*The New York Press.*

Ex-perience

has proved that the ocean trip in comfortable steamers, with fine saloons, large smoking rooms, pleasant cabins and ample promenade decks is the ideal route to

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General Offices: Pier 36, N. E., New York.



WHICH?

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.—Well, it's up ter you t' say what yer want, Mayme. A gold watch when yer eighteen or a ice-cream soda right now.

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

THE STEEL TRUST AND THE TARIFF.

A curious fact is noticeable in connection with the tariff investigation which the House committee on ways and means is conducting in Washington. Not only are they apparently unable to draw out any information from the steel trust, but the steel magnates seem to be wholly indifferent to tariff legislation. Can it be, then, that Mr. Carnegie's recent outcome for free trade is the voice of the trust itself? Mr. Carnegie has been suspected of becoming a free trader because he no longer needs a tariff—having salted away his tariff plunder where free competition cannot break in and dissipate. But it is possible that he is only acting as spokesman for the trust. It is possible that protection is no longer of any use to them, is a positive hindrance, and that they would rather have it abolished than not. This suspicion is certainly in keeping with their behavior in giving the tariff committee a cavalier go by. And it is explainable upon the fact that the steel trust has acquired the richest sources of production on the planet. With its acquisition of the Tennessee properties for a song it got into a position where all the iron interests of the world are at its mercy. Why should the steel trust bother Congress for protection when it can make and enforce its own?—*The Public.*

A Club Cocktail



is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed-to-measure, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular.

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Everyone admires a clear complexion. It's an open secret that Pears' Soap has brought the glow of health to millions of fair faces.

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MODERN ECSTASY

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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Sole Agents for United States.

"I'M TROUBLED a great deal with headaches in the morning," said Luschman.

"Perhaps it's my eyes; do you think I need stronger glasses?"

"No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"PETER," said Mrs. Pneuritch, "I want you to have that roof taken off our garage and one of a different kind put on."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Pneurich, "what's the matter with it?"

"I heard an architect say the other day that it's a hip roof. Everybody knows that hips are out of style now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

PASSENGER.—I suppose you've had some hair-breadth escapes during your seafaring career.

MATE.—Yes, indeed! I was nearly drowned once.

PASSENGER.—You don't say! How did it occur?

MATE.—I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn off the water.—*Boston Traveler.*

OFFICER (investigating old-age pension claims).—Well, Mrs. Brady, and how old might you be?

MRS. BRADY.—Sorta wan of me knows, indeed, sor.

OFFICER.—Think, now. Don't you know the date of your birth?

MRS. BRADY.—The date of my birth, is it? Sure, there was no such things as dates when I was born!—*Punch.*



A SLIGHT HANDICAP.

ROMEY.—Can yez cut yer own name on the ice, Flynn?

FLYNN.—Oi could, begorry, if oi knowed how t' spell it.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

PA.—You know, Willie, this thrashing is going to hurt me more than you.

WILLIE (sympathetically).—Well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad. 'Tain't worth it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

HARDUP.—I'll never go to that restaurant again. The last time I was there a man got my overcoat, and left his in its place.

WELLOFF.—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he?

HARDUP.—No; but I might meet the other man!—*Stray Stories.*



MINE Host of the Wayside Tavern

in old Colonial Days, gained fame and patronage by serving the traveler on the highway, the very best of good cheer in the way of a wee drop of bourbon. In that by-gone era, "Old James E. Pepper" Whiskey was then as now, the universal favorite.

One hundred and twenty-eight years ago Elijah Pepper made the first Old Pepper Whiskey which was to become famous for generations. It is made today by the self same formula. It is a rich, mellow old Kentucky bourbon whiskey—made in an old-fashioned distillery in the old-fashioned way—the same, rich, ripe, old bourbon that the beauty and chivalry of over 100 years ago pronounced the most exquisite

in flavor and quality. Naturally aged in white oak casks and bottled in bond at the distillery.

Ask for "Old James E. Pepper." You will appreciate its delicious flavor and be benefited by its rare medicinal qualities. If your dealer does not handle it, or if you live in localities where liquors are not sold, write us at once for the name of our nearest distributor, who will supply you direct, with the positive guarantee that if it does not prove eminently satisfactory we'll refund your money.

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All good people
like them. Near-
ly all good peo-
ple smoke them

In Little Brown Boxes

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

GETTING HIS, STRAIGHT.

"I wouldn't make a confidante of May," said the conceited fellow, with a self-satisfied smirk. "She told me you said you were crazy to marry me. Of course, she's no friend if—"

"No," interrupted Miss Wise, "and she's not even a good reporter. I didn't say I 'was,' but 'would be.'"—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHERE THE POEMS GO.

WIFE.—The ragout I have made for you is a poem.

EDITOR.—I suppose I must be the waste-basket.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"He said he had a corking time."

"But from his looks the next morning one might judge he had had an uncorking time."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HONESTLY, now, Mr. Thoughtful Citizen, which would you rather be, Tom Johnson broke after years of service in the interests of the people, or John D. Rockefeller, billionaire, after years of exploiting the people?—*The Commoner.*

"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing room."

"Is she changing her costume for the next act?"

"No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—*Cornell Widow.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 35c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 280 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

TAKING IT IN SECTIONS.

"Forgive and Forget," said the generous man. "That's my motto."

"I don't know about forgiving," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But it would be hard to get through these investigations without knowing how to forget."—*Washington Star.*

VARIED.

"It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Guscher remarked that her fiance was 'so versatile.'"

"Meaning Dumley? Well, he is rather versatile."

"Nonsense! he's a regular idiot."

"Yes, but he's so many different kinds of an idiot."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

An advertisement of a nursing bottle printed in a Canadian newspaper concluded with the following: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."—*St. Louis Mirror.*

Pure

good
old
RED
TOP
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

BUT SOON.

"Come, don't be foolish," said the pretty young wife, "he's merely an old flame of mine."

"Indeed?" cried her aged, but wealthy husband, "I'll warrant you dream of his tender advances yet."

"No," she replied, with a far-away look, "not yet."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

SPEEDY JUSTICE.—Guilty or not guilty? "Not guilty." "Den what do you want here? Go about your pishness."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

SHE.—Darling, do you love me?
HE (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly).—Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say.
—*Tit-Bits.*



AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

"Do you dictate your speeches to a stenographer?"

"No," answered the statesman who appreciates himself highly. "I have to write them. A stenographer wastes too much valuable time laughing and applauding."—*Washington Star.*

SOLICITOR.—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt—in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire.

CLIENT.—Yes, I see, Mr. Jones; if I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—*Punch.*

"You say that local option has been of great benefit to this section of the country."

"Yes, sir," answered Colonel Stillwell. "As soon as a lot of us citizens realized how far anybody would have to go for a drink, we organized a good roads movement."—*Washington Star.*



HIS HONOR ASSAILED.

MISS FRANC-CENTIME.—Yes, my dear Count, it is true. He said he saw you driving with the Countess in the Bois de Boulogne last evening.

COUNT SKINNÉ.—Driving wis ze Countess? Wis my wife? Nevairrrre! Tell me, M'mselle, who is spreading sooch scandal about me? I ke-e-ell him!

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Established 1810.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

A mellow, mature whiskey, scientifically distilled, carefully aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond under Government supervision. The Government green stamp over the cork of each bottle is a guarantee of age, proof and quantity.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

For a special brand of cigarettes to hold public favor for over 30 years, and be more popular than ever to-day, is surely a sign of sterling merit. This is the history of the celebrated Nestor cigarettes, which were first introduced to England, and subsequently America, after the bombardment of Alexandria. The British officers, having once tasted Nestors, would have no others. The popular brand "Royal Nestors" at 15 cents for 10 is more in favor than ever.

NESTOR CIGARETTES

"NESTOR" "IMPORTED" "ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label. 40 cts. Blue Label. 15 cts.
If you must have the very best
Smoke NESTORS and ignore the rest.

A RECOMMENDATION FOR THE BAGGAGE CAR.

A Chicago man who once permitted himself to be persuaded to back a theatrical company was seated in his office one day when he received a telegram from the manager of the show. The troupe was somewhere in Missouri, and the telegram read thus:

"Train wrecked this morning and all scenery and baggage destroyed. No member of company injured. What shall I do?"

The answer sent back by the Chicago man was as follows:

"Try another wreck and have the company ride in the baggage car."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

An investigator says the mound builders were the first baseball players. We assure our spiteful contemporaries, however, that the Washington baseball teams are not annually recruited from the ranks of the mound builders.—*Washington Herald.*

It is officially announced that after March 4 the automobile will be the official White House vehicle. Only the smell will be new; we are used to the explosions.—*The Inter-Ocean.*

It may take nine tailors to make a man but almost any tailor can break him.—*Riverton Republican.*



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EXTRA DRY

Is better than foreign
Champagnes but costs only
half the price, as it is American
made and there is no
duty or ship freight to pay.
Served Everywhere

Head Your New Year's Resolutions with EVANS' ALE

123 Years Doing Good

SICILY has just wound up the biggest lemon crop known in its history. Doubtless, Abruzzi thinks he got more than his share, at that.—*Wash. Herald.*

AW, CHEER UP! The Government deficit for this year will be only about \$115,000,000, which in its very self shows the advantages of a business administration.—*Indianapolis News.*

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careful investigation will show you that the should be that one; so thoroughly American is it, so vital, and so varied. If, however, you require several, we, as agents, are able to secure for you, as one of our patrons, what you wish, together with the METROPOLITAN, at wonderfully low rates. We venture to call to your attention a few of these combinations:

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THE SHAKY GROOM, THE RESOURCEFUL BEST MAN AND THE TANK OF OXYGEN.